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## EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A TRAVELLER VISITING ITALY.

From the Edinburgh Magazine.

[These letters were not written with the intention of being published, which is one of their recommendations. They contain the natural expression of the feelings and observations of a well informed traveller on a most interesting route, and appeared to the friend to whom they were addressed to contain both information and entertainment, which would be acceptable to others.]

Geneva, 29th September, 1817.

I WRITE to you from *Les Balances*, the best inn of this deservedly celebrated place. I arrived here yesterday at half past five in the afternoon, on the ninth day of my journey, having left Paris on the 20th, at eight A. M. I had to wait two hours in the street that morning in consequence of the stupidity of a Sicilian, who had not got his passport, and the laziness of Pasta and his wife, (who sang at the Opera House in London lately,) and in consequence of the toilet business of some of the ladies, my fellow travellers. We were to have started at six. My journey hither has been, upon the whole, pleasant enough. Domenico Cervelli (the *voiturier*) is very complaisant and attentive; a big, very robust, and formidable looking, good natured Roman, between forty and fifty. I have been extremely fortunate in procuring the services of an Italian

domestick of a mature age, (about fifty,) who has been in service with a number of very respectable people, and who has a most excellent character for sobriety, honesty, good-nature, attention, and economy. He has been in England, Spain, Portugal, and the West-Indies, and has travelled through France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, several times, with his different masters. The *Vetturino* is hard enough work for me, although certainly preferable, in most respects, to the Diligence. I rise every morning at four, *at the latest*, because we go on but slowly, and it is necessary to set off very early every day, in order to accomplish the set distance before night-fall, as the *vetturino* does not travel during the night. I have been thrice roused at three in the morning, the other times at four. We generally reached our Auberge for the night about seven or eight in the evening; however, I do not feel knocked up at all, and hope to stand out to the end. I shall not at present enter into particulars about my journey from Paris to Morez, fourteen and a half leagues from Geneva, but shall endeavour to give you some faint idea of what I saw yesterday; a day on which I received impressions never to be effaced. We left Morez at four



o'clock in the morning, and passed through it on foot, the moon shining brightly upon the dark wooded rocks and hills that surround this town. We continued to walk on about two miles to save the horses during a steep ascent; the moon disappearing gradually behind the hills, while from the east "stepped forth the morning," truly the *ροδοδάκτυλος ηώς*. The equal diffusion of a fine crimson colour on the clear sky of the mountainous horizon, foretold a delightful day, and it was so,—warm, pure, and bright. We passed the custom-house at *Les Rousses*, without being searched, our passports only were demanded;—beautiful scenery all the way;—our road wound along the sides of the mountain, and overhung beautiful valleys, from the sides of which shot up tall fir-trees, their tops level with our mountain path;—the road in many places narrow, and bordering on the most giddy precipices;—the bottoms of the valleys seen at a most profound depth, with a few small houses scattered here and there. About ten o'clock, Vincenzo (my servant) came to the door of the *vet-turino*, and desired me to alight, and come with him. I did so, and he led me to the summit of a little hill which rose by the side of the road, between the barrier hills, through which we were passing; we were in the department of *Lain*. Pointing towards what I conceived (without a glass) to be an immense assemblage of dark clouds, with white edges, on the distant horizon, he uttered the electrical words, "*Voilà Mont Blanc!*" On looking through my glass, I beheld a scene that produced a thrilling impression which I cannot describe. The sudden view of this stupendous mountain, and his giantick Alpine brethren, with the beautiful dark blue lake of Geneva reposing at their feet, amidst a richly cultivat-

ed valley, produced a strange and overpowering emotion of mingled awe, wonder, and pleasure. The eternal snows that crown this lofty region of silence, and solitude, and majesty, appeared at first view to be white clouds; but they were motionless masses shining in pure whiteness under a cloudless morning sun. The higher and more distant summits were enveloped in a thin vapour. These enormous masses of rock stretched to the right and to the left, until the eye lost the extremities of the line behind the mountains of Savoy, and of the cantons of Vaud and Freyberg. No sound disturbed me in the contemplation of this magnificent picture, excepting the faint tinkling of distant bells carried by some cattle feeding on the hills of *l'Aix*. The sight has wrought deeply upon me. It is most truly "the monarch of mountains," as Byron emphatically terms it. What a magnificent theatre for the appalling action of thunder and lightning, and all the cloudy majesty of storms! The day was clear and beautiful; and from the heights of Mount Jura I drank some drops of heightened, though indescribable, feeling. There was a scene before me such as no pencil could paint, no language describe—it was a glimpse of the land of magick and lofty wonders!

About 12 o'clock we reached Gex, after a long and fatiguing alternation of ascents and descents, dangerous enough for heavy carriages and unruly horses, as our horses are on account of their entireness. They are hot-blooded, and restive, but small and slender compared with the English carriage horses. Our passports were examined here. I am now (half past 12) sitting at the vine-encompassed window of our Auberge, at Gex, from which I have a view of Mont Blanc, presenting his elevated and



impassive snows, to the sultry beams of the noonday sun. The still blue waters of the lake of Geneva are sleeping quietly in its fertile valley, so richly variegated with vines, and trees, and hedges, and green spots of meadow ground, and brown shorn fields, of which the harvest has been gathered. On the left, part of the lake is concealed by a gently sloping hill, on which are cultivated fields, and a few houses half hidden by trees. On the right, the extremity of the lake is visible, and seems to stretch almost to the feet of the hills of Savoy. A thin bluish vapour has overspread some of the Alpine summits that were visible in the morning. I am sitting in a vine arbour in the garden, with my back to the lake Lemane; behind the Auberge rises that range of hills called Mont Jura, from which we descended into the valley; to the right rises the village church, with its short white steeple; the bell is at this moment ringing for prayers; the people here ought to be devout—Mont Blanc would inspire devotion to an atheist.

*Milan, 7th October.*

I am now in the land of wonders and far-famed beauty, Italy! We arrived here yesterday about seven o'clock in the afternoon, and shall remain till to-morrow morning. We have had hard work of it in passing the Alps by the Simplon, the weather was so exceedingly bad; heavy and constant rain and thick mist clothing the mountain from top to bottom. On leaving Glyss (near Brieg, at the end of the Vallais) we took guides, and three additional horses to each voiture. Cervelli was very unwilling to set out, on account of the dangers arising from continued rain and impenetrable mist; but the love of money got the better of his fears, and he resolved at last to

venture rather than pay expenses at Glyss. Off we set before day break, (about half-past two in the morning,) and began to ascend the celebrated road by the Simplon, one of the most lasting and stupendous monuments of Bonaparte's enterprising spirit. I can give you no idea of the wildness and horrible sublimity of the scenery. After sunrise the mist began to clear away partially, although the rain continued, and we had occasional glimpses of the high and barren mountains, and deep and solitary valleys among which we passed. The road winds along the side of the Simplon, (in Italian *Sempione*), a very high mountain, on the top of which are six glaciers. The road borders on the most hideous precipices, and you hear below you, at an immense depth, the rushing of a stream, that passes through the middle of the valley. This stream is seldom visible, on account of the frequent mists that overspread these "regions of thick ribbed ice." About 10 o'clock in the morning we reached the village of the Simplon, the highest point of the road, and rested there for an hour or two at one of the houses of refuge, built for the accommodation of travellers. We had some poor fare by way of breakfast, and warmed our benumbed limbs by the side of a wood fire that blazed on the hearth. The air extremely chill. Set off again and began to descend on the other side, having left the three additional horses and our guide before we reached the barrier near the village of Simplon. We passed innumerable bridges, and several long excavations, or tunnels, cut through the solid rock. These dark hideous passages are among the most extraordinary works of this singular road. One of them is about 300 feet in length, and cut through the eternal ice of a glacier! But it is needless to attempt a description



of the route,—to know what it is, you must see it. You would imagine it the result of the labours of Aladdin's genie, not of human beings. It was completed in three years, at an immense expense, and by the daily and nightly efforts of a vast number of workmen. We reached Domo d'Ossola when it was quite dark, so could see nothing of the place. We left it at 3 o'clock next morning, and arrived at Gravelona, beside the Lago Maggiore, about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Mist and rain hindered us from seeing the beauties of the scenery at this place. Weather excessively cold. Rested two hours, and set off for Sesto Calende, where we were to sleep. The mist cleared away a little, and allowed us (in passing along the side of Lago Maggiore) to see the beautiful Borromean Islands in the lake. One of them is covered with beautiful Italian buildings, and rich trees and shrubs, and is the occasional residence of the family to whom these islands belong, and from whom they take their name. Near Arona there is an immense colossal statue of the famous Charles Borromeo, upon the summit of a hill on the left side of the road going to Sesto Calende. This statue is of bronze, and is 66 feet in height, exclusive of the pedestal, which is 46 feet; it rises most majestically out of the trees that cover the hill, and is seen a great way off. It is reckoned a very fine work of art. There is a stair-case inside, by which you ascend to the head. An Italian au-

thor says that a man (not very big) may sit down conveniently in the nose of this colossus. We reached Sesto Calende about 8, crossing the Tesino on a raft. Evening dreadfully bad; piercingly cold, and dense mist, and heavy rains. The sides of the road from Gravelona to the ferry, embellished with the most beautiful plantations of vines; the vines supported by rude wooden frames, and the huge thick clusters of ripe purple and white grapes hanging down from the top, ready for the hand of any one who entered into these luxuriant labyrinths. One of my fellow travellers ventured to alight and pull some of the grapes, but was seized in the act by a most singular figure of an Argus, who rushed out of a thicket of vines from the opposite side of the road, and presented an old musket to the thief's head,—the matter was accommodated after a horrible squabble in good Italian, bad Italian, and indifferent French. This guardian had *half* of an old sabre sticking out from his rump in the most grotesque manner imaginable, and was altogether a perfect caricature of armed humanity. We started at six from Sesto Calende and reached Milan about seven. The road was not particularly interesting, and the weather execrable; a number of houses by the way were adorned with paintings of Madonnas and scriptural subjects in fresco upon the plastered walls; some of the paintings very good, but all injured by time and weather.

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## OBSERVATIONS ON THE POLAR ICE.—By Captain SCORESBY.

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From the Edinburgh Magazine for April, 1818.

**A**S erroneous ideas are in circulation, in regard to the North Polar ice, the following short statement may prove useful.

1. The North and South Poles appear to be surrounded with fixed ice.
2. The ice extends much farther



from the South than from the North Pole; the nearest approach to the South Pole being a distance of 1130 miles, whereas that to the North Pole is only 510 miles.

3. The extent of the Polar ices varies with the season, being greater in winter than in summer.

4. The southern or exterior limit of the North Polar ice breaks up on the approach of spring, and during the course of summer so much ice is broken and carried away, that ships have occasionally reached as high as latitude  $81^{\circ}$  N. A short way beyond that limit, the ice appears to be solid, and probably extends in this state onwards to the Pole.

5. The great body of fixed ice which surrounds the North Pole, and which extends to latitude  $82^{\circ}$  or  $81^{\circ}$  N. in the summer season, is a compound of salt and fresh water ice. The lower part of this vast body of ice is frozen sea water; over this are layers of fresh water ice, formed by the freezing of melted snow, rain, and hail.

6. The formation of this great body of ice does not appear to be dependent on the presence of land, for no land occurs in the Antarctic Ocean, where ice is even more abundant than in the Arctic Ocean.

7. The extent of the polar ice must depend on the temperature of the circumpolar atmosphere and ocean. We know that there is a determinate portion of heat appropriated to the circumpolar regions; in their long summer, the heat must be considerable, and during the melancholy and protracted winter, the cold must be intense; but these two periods of heat and cold ap-

pear to be so balanced, that the heat of summer is never able to melt all the ice formed during the winter, and much of the ice which is melted in the summer, is frozen again in winter, and the deficit occasioned by the flowing away of part of the water of the melted ice, is made up by the freezing of the sleet, hail, and snow, of the succeeding winter. It is, indeed, highly probable, that, ever since the earth's axis received its present inclination, the polar ices have continued fixed, and within certain limits, in this arrangement, agreeing with the distribution of snow and ice above the snow line in all countries of the earth where the elevation is sufficiently great.— Were there no limits set to the increase of this circumpolar ice, it would have long since accumulated to so great an extent, as to have destroyed the climate of the temperate regions of the earth.

8. Periods of maxima and minima of many atmospherical phenomena are mentioned by naturalists, and, corresponding with these also, periods of increase and decrease of the glaciers, and of the limits of the snow line. It is, therefore, not improbable that the polar ices exhibit similar phenomena, and may continue to increase for a long series of years, until they reach a period of maximum, or greatest increase, and after this gradually decrease until they reach a period of minimum, or greatest decrease, when the Greenland seas will be clearer than usual, and even to the  $82^{\text{d}}$  or  $83^{\text{d}}$  of north latitude; but it is very improbable that any extensive breaking up of the ice takes place much beyond these limits.

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## THE AFFECTIONS AND THE PASSIONS.

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From Ackerman's Repository for May, 1818.

**I** PROCEED to fulfil the promise of my last paper, which treat-  
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ed of the *Faculties*: the *Affections* and the *Passions* will form



the subject of my present lucubration.

When by contemplation of the object, or reflection on its agreeable qualities, our approbation of it is attended with a sensation of pleasure, and an inclination or propensity towards it as good, it is denominated LOVE. This may be extended into the succeeding ramifications :

When we are ourselves the ultimate objects of our love or regard, it is called *self-love* ; which, when accompanied with certain inordinate propensities towards outward objects, takes the following distinctions :

Self-love, when it is influenced by an anxious desire of equalling or excelling others, is called *emulation*.

Self-love, when engaged in the immoderate desire of any object possessed by another, is *covetousness*, or when wealth is its peculiar object, is *avarice* ; and, according to the value that appears to be put upon outward possessions, our distribution of, or affection towards them, assumes the distinct names of *penury*, *frugality*, or *profusion*.

Self-love, exercised in the pursuit of power and authority, is called *ambition* ; and insatiable ambition, when armed with absolute power, without goodness, is *tyranny*.

Self-love, tending to the sole gratification of the senses and appetites, acquires the name of *voluptuousness* or *sensuality* ; which takes the different characters of *gluttony*, *luxury*, *dissoluteness*, &c.

Self-love, courting ease or rest, may be denominated *indolence* ; which, when immoderately indulged, so as to induce a certain debility or vacuity of thought, is called *sluggishness* or *sloth*.

Love assumes the general name of *benevolence* when others are the ultimate objects of it, without re-

gard to their moral qualities, but only as partaking the same common nature with us, and the capacity of receiving good from us.

If love arises from a natural or habitual disposition of pleasing, or communicating good to others, it is called *universal good-will* or *good-nature* : when displayed to inferiors or dependants, it becomes *humanity* ; and when it is exercised without regard to their immediate wants, and looks not for any return, it is *beneficence* or *liberality*. Benevolence to our benefactors is *gratitude*, and the expressions of it form *praise* and *thankfulness*.

Benevolence to those who need our assistance, and to such as are disposed to do us injury, is *mercy*, or *forgiveness*, or *clemency* ; and if it controls our power to return injuries, it becomes *lenity*, or *forbearance*, or *meekness*.

Benevolence to the afflicted is *pity* or *compassion* ; and when joined to a fellow-feeling of their distress, arising either from similar experience or from natural humanity, it becomes *sympathy* ; and the desire to relieve them, without any expectation of a return, is *charity*.

A natural or habitual complacency of disposition, engaging to a love of general society, is *sociableness*, or what may be called a disposition to good fellowship ; while mutual complacency, intimate regard and equality, with a conformity of dispositions, principles, and pursuits, constitute that happy union of minds which forms *true friendship*.

Complacency, in a small degree, is expressed by *satisfaction* ; in a higher degree, by *delight* ; and when regard is had not so much to the qualities of the object, as its relation to ourselves, it is called *kindness* or *tenderness*.

When the objects of our love and complacency are such as stand in any natural relation to us, it be-



comes *natural affection* ; and when our native country and its interests are the objects of it, it then assumes the title of *patriotism*.

An attachment to particular sects, factions, or opinions, to the prejudice of true piety or patriotism, is *narrowness of spirit* or *bigotry* ; but when this attachment is regulated by reason and benevolence, it becomes *moderation*.

When the SUPREME BEING is the object, an habitual desire of pleasing him, with a disengagement from whatever may lessen our regard and affection towards him, is known by the name of *devotion* ; which, blended with a filial and reverential fear of offending him, is *godliness* or *piety*.

An uncommon vehemence of temper in our attachment to the propagation of particular opinions is *zeal* ; and zeal, accompanied with uncommon energy of spirit, and elevation of fancy and affection, is *enthusiasm*.

From *love* we proceed to its opposite.

A disinclination of the mind towards an object, occasioned by frequent reflection on its odious qualities is HATRED.

Evil received or dreaded excites *malevolence* ; and a disposition to displease others, is *ill-will* or *ill-nature* ; while such a feeling long continued and unmerited, is *malig-nity* or *malice*.

Any degree of ill-will to our benefactors, a neglect of them, or undue returns to their kindness, is *ingratitude*. A malevolent opposition to governours or superiours in the lawful exercise of their authority, is *rebellion* ; while an open disobedience to the will of God, and a contempt of his commands, is *impiety*.

Malevolence to the wretched is *inhumanity* ; an unwillingness to favour or relieve them is *uncharitableness*, and an absolute inatten-

tion to their distress is *hard-heart-edness* : to these add insolence, and they become *barbarity* and *cruelty*.

A wanton ill-treatment of others without benefit to ourselves, is *petulance* ; which, when the characters, rather than the persons, of others are attacked, is called *obloquy*, *reproach*, and *scurrility* ; and these, when softened or enlivened by some mixture of wit and humour, is *raillery* and *invective*.

Evil or injury received, but without any further apprehension, occasions *displeasure*, and a still smaller sensation of this kind is *dislike*.

When hatred is directed to any thing criminal, without manifesting any wish to extenuate, it becomes *harshness* or *severity* ; and when it is levelled at what are called pleasures or amusements, without making allowances for their vivacity or occasional excesses, it must be named *moroseness*.

When displeasure is suddenly and actively exerted, from any occasional perturbation of the mind, it hurries through the different emotions of *animosity* and *anger*, and may terminate in *outrage*.

An injury from an inferiour may be termed an *indignity*, and the sense of it *indignation*.

The sense of any injury is *resentment* ; which, with a propensity to injure the offender, without a desire of reclaiming him, is *revenge* : this, when settled into a habit, and without displaying a wish for reconciliation, is *spite* and *rancour*.

An habitual proneness to anger on every trifling occasion, is *fretfulness* or *peevishness* : this, when silent, is *sullenness* ; when talkative, is *snarling* ; and when accompanied with an impatience of contradiction, is *perverseness*.

Anger, rising to a very high degree and extinguishing humanity, becomes *wrath*, *rage*, and *fury*.



When our approbation and love of any object are accompanied with uneasiness in its absence, and pleasure from its approach or the promise of its attainment, our affection towards it is called *DESIRE*.

Desire, inflamed and continued, is called *longing*; when much excited, is *greediness* or *avidity*; and when unaccompanied with the deliberation of reason, is called *propensity*.

Desires after what merely administers to the support of the body, are denominated *appetites*; and in a proper restraint or moderation of them, consists in the cardinal virtue of *temperance*.

When regard is not had to the nature and qualities of the object, so much as to its relation or agreeableness to us, we are said to regard it *partiality*.

A weak motion or tendency of the mind towards the object desired, is called *inclination*; which, when violent, and such as cannot be rationally accounted for, is denominated *impulse*.

When our disapprobation and hatred of any object are accompanied with a painful sensation, on the apprehension of its presence and approach, the inclination to avoid it, is called *AVERSION*.

Aversion in its weakest degree, or rather the absence of desire, is considered as *indifference*.

Aversion to any object previous to examination, or without rational grounds for it, is *prejudice*; and when it arises from previous experience of its disagreeable qualities, it is *disgust*.

Aversion to any object when we are constrained to choose or comply with it, is *reluctance*; and a constitutional aversion, without regard to qualities or the impression on others, is a *natural antipathy*.

When displeasure and aversion rise very high, especially upon an apprehension of moral evil in the

object, it is called *detestation* or *abhorrence*; and when accompanied with alarm at an approach to it, is *horror*.

A mixture of desire and joy agitating the mind, according to the probability there is of accomplishing the end, or obtaining the good desired, is defined to be *HOPE*.

Weak or distant hope, waiting the success of means, is called *expectation*: the steady maintenance of hope even in this state, when sufferings are in the way to it, is *patience*; and a devout acquiescence to sorrow, its *resignation*.

Hope, deliberating about the choice of means, is *hesitation*; and wavering or fluctuating about the use of means, is *suspense*.

Desire, especially when mingled with hope, disposes us *to wish*; but while we have more of desire than hope, and the assent of the mind is delayed and unsettled, we are said *to doubt*.

When doubting and suspense become habitual, especially in matters of faith, the consequent uncertainty or vibration of opinion is denominated *scepticism*.

When suspense is overcome, and the means fixed, we acquire *resolution*; which persisted in when the grounds of it are insufficient, is *obstinacy* or *stubbornness*; and stubbornness in matters of opinion is called *dogmatism*.

Contempt of danger, in the execution of a predetermined resolve, is *intrepidity*, *boldness*, or *courage*; and an impatient encountering of danger is *rashness*.

That strength or vigour of mind which appears in a display of courage, firmness, and resolution, when much opposition is to be resisted, distresses supported, and difficulties and dangers surmounted, for the attainment of great and valuable ends, constitutes the cardinal virtue of *fortitude*.

Hope, elated from security of



success in obtaining its object, is called *confidence*; but groundless confidence is *presumption*.

Confidence without modesty, or a justifiable security of obtaining the proposed object, is *impudence*.

A mixture of aversion and sorrow, discomposing and debilitating the mind, upon the approach or anticipation of evil, is FEAR.

An over-active fear of any event, mixed with minute alarms, &c. is *solicitude* or *anxiety*; which, when immoderately indulged, is *impatience*.

Fear of being circumvented in the attainment of any good, excites *suspicion*; which, when heightened to a certain degree, becomes *jealousy*.

On the approach of an object accompanied with an irresistible and increasing alarm and dread, the mind is disposed to yield to *despondency*; and when all hopes of averting it are extinguished, *despair*.

Fear, blended with humility and fluctuating in the choice of means, becomes *irresolution*; and when flying from danger, instead of encountering it, the feeling is *cowardice*: a sudden and unaccountable

fit of it is *panick*; and when excessive, is *terroure*.

A pleasing elevation of mind, on the actual or assured attainment of good, or deliverance from evil, is denominated JOY.

Joy, on account of good obtained by others, is expressed by *congratulation*; and when it arises from ludicrous or fugitive amusements, in which others share with us, is called *mirth* or *merriment*.

Joy, arising from success against powerful opposition, is named *triumph*; and when accompanied with ostentation, becomes *vain-glory*.

When joy is settled into a habit, or flows from a placid temper of mind, formed to please and to be pleased, it is called *gaiety*, *good-humour*, or *cheerfulness*.

Joy, rising high on a sudden emotion, is *exultation*, and immoderate transports of it are considered under the character of *raptures* and *ecstasies*.

Habitual joy and serenity, arising from the perfection, rectitude, and due subordination of our faculties, and their lively exercise on objects agreeable to them, constitute *mental* or *rational happiness*.

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## The Librarian's Port-Folio.

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CZERNY-GEORGES.

GEORGE PETROWICH, better known by the name of Czerny-Georges, that is to say Black George, was born of a noble Serbian family, in the neighbourhood of Belgrade. Before he had attained the age of manhood, he was one day met by a Turk, who, with an imperious air, ordered him to stand out of his way, at the same time declaring that he would blow out his brains. Czerny-Georges, however, prevented him from putting his threat into execution, and by the

discharge of a pistol immediately laid him dead on the ground. To avoid the dangerous consequences of this affair, he took refuge in Transylvania, and entered the military service of Austria, in which he quickly obtained the rank of non-commissioned officer. His captain having ordered him to be punished, Czerny-Georges challenged and killed him. He then returned to Servia, where, at the age of twenty-five, he became the chief of one of those bands of malcontents which infest every part of the



Turkish dominions, who pride themselves upon the title of kleptai, or brigande, and whom the non-Mussulman population consider as their avengers and liberators.—Czerny-Georges, encamped in the thick forests, waged war against the Turks with unheard-of cruelty: he spared neither age nor sex, and extended his ravages throughout the whole province of Servia. The Turks having, by way of retaliation, condemned twenty-six of the principal Servians to death, the father of Czerny-Georges, shocked at so many horrors, determined to abandon the banners of his son, whom he had previously joined. The old man even threatened to deliver up the whole troop to the power of the Turks, unless they immediately consented to relinquish the useless contest. Czerny conjured him to alter his resolution; but the old man persisted and set out for Belgrade. His son followed him. Having arrived at the Servian out-posts, he threw himself on his knees, and again entreated that his father would not betray his country; but, finding him inflexible, he drew out a pistol, fired it, and thus became the murderer of his parent.

The Servians still continued to augment the band of Czerny-Georges. Emboldened by the numerous advantages he had obtained, this chief at length sallied from his forests, besieged Belgrade, and on the 1st December, 1806, forced that important fortress to surrender. Being proclaimed generalissimo of his nation, he governed it with unlimited power. The principal nobles and ecclesiasticks, under the presidency of the archbishop, formed a kind of senate or synod, which assembled at Semendriah, and which claimed the right of exercising the sovereignty. But Czerny-Georges annulled the acts of the assembly, and declared, by a de-

cree, that “during his life no one should rise above him; that he was sufficient in himself, and stood in no need of advisers.” In 1807, he ordered one of his brothers to be hanged for some trifling want of respect towards him.

The conquest of Servia was accompanied by the massacre of the Turks; no mercy was shown even to those who voluntarily surrendered themselves. Czerny-Georges being attacked by an army of 50,000 Mussulmans, valiantly defended the banks of the Morave; and, had he possessed the means of obtaining foreign officers to discipline the intrepid Servians, he might perhaps have re-established the kingdom of Servia, which, under Stephen III. resisted the Moguls, and under Stephen Duscian included Bulgaria, Macedonia, and Bosnia. In 1387, Servia, though tributary to the Turks, still retained its national princes, who assumed the title of despots; in 1463 they were succeeded by a Turkish Pasha. Their house became extinct in 1560.

Czerny-George was tall and well made; but his appearance was altogether savage and displeasing, owing to the disproportionate length of his countenance, his small and sunken eyes, bald forehead, and his singular method of wearing his hair gathered together in one enormous tress, which hung down upon his shoulders. His violent spirit was marked by an exterior of coldness and apathy: he sometimes passed whole hours without uttering a single syllable, and he neither knew how to read or write. He never resorted to the diversion of hunting above once during the year. He was then accompanied by from 3 to 400 Pandours, who assisted him in waging a deadly war against the wolves, foxes, deer, and wild goats which inhabit the forests of fertile but uncultivated



Servia. The entire produce of his hunting was publickly sold for his own profit. He also sought to augment his patrimony by confiscations.

At the treaty of peace in 1812, Russia provided for the interests of Servia. That province was acknowledged to be a vassal, and tributary to the porte. Czerny-Georges retired to Russia, and lived at Kissonoff in Bessarabia.

His return to Servia in disguise, his discovery and execution, have recently been stated.

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ANECDOTES OF PETER THE GREAT.

HISTORY, in recording the great and shining qualities of the Czar Peter I. has not concealed his imperfections, nor those peculiar faults which he committed, either when wine had drowned his reason, or those he was guilty of it in his cooler moments.

Once, in a dispute with Catharine, his wife, he broke a beautiful Venice glass, and cruelly glancing on the former obscure condition of the Czarina, he said, "You see, how, with one stroke of my hand, I can reduce this glass to the dust it came from."—"Yes, Sir," said Catharine, turning on him her eyes bathed with tears, "you can destroy the most beautiful ornament of your palace; you have done it, do you find your palace more splendid?" This remark appeased the anger of Peter, which had been kindled at Catharine's energetick pleading in behalf of her lady-in-waiting, who had been sentenced to receive the punishment of the knout. The Czar let her off with six lashes, which he thought was a great proof of his clemency.

A Boyard, with whom he was once crossing a river, in a boat, ventured to contradict him in conversation. The Czar seized him by the collar, and was about to throw him overboard: "You may

drown me," said the Boyard, "but it will not embellish your history." The Czar was struck with the truth of this remark, shook hands with the Boyard, and ever after gave him marks of friendship and esteem. Often ashamed, himself, of his excesses, he frequently said to his favourite, Lefort, "I have improved and reformed my nation, would to heaven I could reform myself."

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MADAME DORE.

FEMALE presence of mind it was that once saved the town of Ly-mington from the destructive visits of the French. A party of marauders from that country landed for the purpose of plunder. But the leader, yielding to the calls of extreme hunger, resolved to satisfy his appetite before he completed the purpose of his visit. He was directed, by seeming chance, to the habitation of Mrs. Dore, a person of consequence; and who was then seated at the head of a plentiful table. The abrupt entrance of her foreign guest discovered to her in a moment the danger which threatened the town and its inhabitants. An intuitive quickness of thought, and an uncommon degree of fortitude, instantly pointed out to her the proper line of behaviour she had to observe. She received the Frenchman and his boisterous followers with the greatest affability; set before them all the delicacies her house afforded, and enlivened the repast with many sallies of wit, and the most unrestrained pleantry of manners. The commander, who possessed much of his nation's gallantry, was completely fascinated by the winning manners and profuse bounty of his amiable hostess: he sacrificed his interest to his gratitude, and left the town without perpetrating one act of devastation.



From the Edinburgh Magazine, for April 1818.

### CONSTANTINOPLE.

The following passage from Neale's Travels, gives us a livelier idea than we have any where previously attained, of the general effect, if it may be so called, of this vast and barbarous metropolis of the East.

"It would be difficult for any imagination, even the most romantick or dis-tempered, to associate in close array all the incongruous and discordant objects which may be contemplated, even within a few hours' perambulation, in and around the Turkish capital. The barbarous extremes of magnificence and wretchedness; of power and weakness; of turpitude and magnanimity; of profligacy and sanctity; of cruelty and humanity, are all to be seen jumbled together in the most sublime or offensive combinations. The majesty and magnificence of nature, crowned with all the grandeur of human art, contrasted with the atrocious effects of unrestrained sensuality, and brutalising inherent degeneracy, fill up the vacant spaces of this varied picture.

"The howlings of ten thousand dogs re-echoing through the deserted streets all the live-long night, chase you betimes from your pillow; approaching your window you are greeted by the rays of the rising sun gilding the snowy summits of Mount Olympos, and the beautiful shores of the sea of Marmora, the point of Chalcedon, and the town of Scutari; midway your eye ranges with delight over the marble domes of St. Sophia, the gilded pinnacles of the Seraglio glittering amidst groves of perpetual verdure, the long arcades of ancient aqueducts, and spiry minarets of a thousand mosques. While you contemplate this superb scenery, the thunders of artillery burst upon your ear, and, directing your eye to the quarter whence the sound proceeds, you may behold, proudly sailing around the point of the Seraglio, the splendid navy of the Ottomans, returning with the annual tributes of Egypt. The curling volumes of smoke ascending from the port-holes play around the bellying sails, and hide at times, the ensigns of crimson silk, besprinkled with the silvery crescents of Mahomet! The hoarse guttural sounds of a Turk selling *kaimac* at your door, recall your attention towards the miserable lanes of Pera, wet, splashy, dark,

and disgusting; the mouldering wooden tenements beetling over these alleys, are the abode of pestilence and misery. You may mount your horse and betake yourself to the fields, rich with the purple fragrance of heath and lavender, and swarming with myriads of honied insects; in the midst of your progress your horse recoils from his path, at the loathsome object occupying the centre of the highway;—an expiring horse, from which a horde of famished dogs are already tearing the reeking entrails! Would you behold his unfeeling master, look beneath the acacia, at the hoary Turk performing his pious ablutions at the sacred fountain.—If we retrace our steps, we are met by a party passing at a quick pace towards that cementary on the right: they are carrying on the bier the dead body of a Greek, the pallid beauty of whose countenance is contrasted with the freshness of the roses which compose the chaplet on his head. A few hours only has he ceased to breathe: but see! the grave has already received his corse, and amidst the desolate palaces of the princes of the earth, he has entered an obscure and nameless tenant.

"Having returned to the city, you are appalled by a crowd of revellers pressing around the doors of a wine-house; the sounds of minstrelsy and riot are within. You have scarcely passed when you behold two or three grazers around the door of a baker's shop; the *Kaimakan* has been his rounds, the weights have been found deficient, and the unfortunate man, who swings in a halter at the door, has paid for his petty villany the forfeiture of his life. The populace around murmur at the price of bread, but the *muezzins* from the adjoining minarets are proclaiming the hour of prayer, and the followers of Mahomet are pouring in to count their beads and proclaim the efficacy of *faith*. In an opposite coffee-house a group of Turkish soldiers, drowsy with tobacco, are dreaming over the chequers of a chess-board, or listening to the licentious fairy tales of a dervish. The passing crowd seem to have no common sympathies, jostling each other in silence on the narrow foot-path; women veiled in long caftans, emirs with green turbans, janissaries, Bostadjis, Jews, and Armenians encounter Greeks, Albanians, Franks, and Tartars.—Fatigued with such pageantry, you observe the shades of evening descend, and again sigh for repose; but the *passawend* with their iron-bound staves striking the pavement,



excite your attention to the cries of *yanga var* from the top of the adjoining tower, and you are told that the flames are in the next street. There you may behold the devouring element overwhelming in a common ruin the property of infidels and true believers, till the shouts of the multitude announce the approach of the *Arch* despot, and the power of a golden shower of sequins is exemplified in awakening the callous feelings of even a Turkish multitude, to the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, and of rendering them sensible to the common ties of humanity.—The fire is extinguished—and darkness of a deeper hue has succeeded to the glare of the flames; the retiring crowd, guided by their paper lanthorns, flit by thousands, like *ignes fatui*, amidst the cypress of the *Champ des Morts*; and, like another Mirza, after your sublime vision, you are left, not, indeed, to contemplate the lowing of the oxen in the valley of Bagdad, but to encounter the gloom and cheerless solitude of your own apartment.”

From the New Monthly Magazine, April, 1818.

SWEDISH APPARITION.

To Baron de Bourgoing's account of apparitions affirmed to have been seen in Sweden, as given in one of our preceding numbers, may be added the following:

When Queen Ulrica was dead, her corpse, as usual, was placed in an open coffin, in a room hung with black and lighted with numerous wax candles; and a company of the King's Guards did duty in the ante-room. One afternoon, the carriage of the Countess Steenbock, first lady of the palace, and a particular favourite of the queen, drove up from Stockholm. The officer commanding the guard of honour, went to meet the Countess, and conducted her from the carriage to the door of the room where the deceased princess lay, which she closed after her. The long stay of the lady was ascribed to the vehemence of her grief, and the officers on duty, fearful of disturbing the free effusion of it by their presence, left her alone with the corpse. At

length, finding that she did not return, they began to apprehend that some accident had befallen her, and the captain of the guard opened the door, but instantly started back in the utmost dismay. The other officers ran up, and plainly perceived, through the half opened door, the deceased queen standing upright in her coffin and ardently embracing the Countess Steenbock. The apparition seemed to move, and soon after became enveloped in a dense smoke or vapour. When this had cleared away, the body of the queen lay in the same position as before, but the Countess was no where to be found. In vain did they search that and the adjoining apartments, while some of the party hastened to the door, thinking that she must have passed unobserved in her carriage; but neither carriage, horses, driver, or footmen were to be seen. A messenger was quickly despatched with a statement of this extraordinary circumstance to Stockholm, and there he learned that the Countess Steenbock had never quitted the capital, and that she died at the very moment when she was seen in the arms of the deceased queen. A circumstantial report of this fact was drawn up and signed by all present; and with it is said to be preserved a particular deposition of the captain, respecting an important secret which the lady communicated to him on her first entering the room.

From the Literary Panorama, March 1818.

PROOFS OF AFFECTION.

IN Greenland virgin modesty requires that a girl be carried off by her suitor; nay, even dragged by the hair, and when she is really in his hut, she runs away from him several times, and at length perhaps compels him to give a proof of his affection, by cutting the soles of her feet in several places, that she may be obliged to sit still. Those



who are baptized, now leave the matter to the priest. The suitor explains his wish to him, and the girl is called. After some indifferent questions, the clergyman says, "It will soon be time for you to marry." "I will not marry." "That is a pity, for I have a suitor for you." "Whom?" The clergyman names him. "He is good for nothing; I will not have him." "Why not? He is young, a good seal hun-

ter," &c. "I will not marry; I will not have him." "Very well, I will not force you; I have besides another match for him."—A pause. —The Girl sighs—a tear comes into her eye—and, at last, she whispers, "As you will, priest." "No, as you will; I do not wish to persuade you." Here follows a deep sigh, then a half audible "Yes," and the affair is settled.

## POETRY.

### THE SOLDIERS' GRAVE.

By rise of sun, on yonder plain,  
In ardour high, the valiant stood;  
At eve, the cold moon o'er the slain  
Besilvered bright a scene of blood:  
Below that mound they now are sleeping,  
Wakeful once, and bold, and brave;  
Alas! the evening dew is weeping  
On the Soldiers' Grave.

Of them to hear the patriot listens;  
Pensive Love a sigh bequeaths;  
Virtue's tear, when praising, glistens;  
Fame presents her laurel wreaths;  
And fond Affection nobly warning,  
Will laud the hearts that strove to  
save;  
And Memory wave her wand of charming  
O'er the Soldiers' Grave.

The trump of Fame they heard—obeyed—  
Afar at sea, the waning shore  
In sad and sombre blue decayed,  
And ne'er by them was welcomed  
more!

But Gratitude will grieve for Glory,  
And give the tear which once they  
gave;  
And wisdom tell her mournful story  
O'er the Soldiers' Grave.

*We* live secure, and sleep at ease;  
Tranquillity our steps awaits—  
*They* left their homes, and ploughed the  
seas,  
To keep the battle from our gates:—  
The forest moans—a voice of wailing;  
Above their dust white cannachs wave;  
The bittern shrieks, at eve, when sailing  
O'er the Soldiers' Grave.

Oft when the faggot glances bright,  
As Winter mantles white the plain,  
The sire will spend the noon of night  
To tell of those in battle slain:

His children will the warmth inherit;  
And Fondness will a tribute crave,  
To sooth the rest, and calm the spirit  
Of the Soldiers' Grave.

### STANZAS.

WHEN youth's enchantments all shall  
fade,  
And even friendship's flame grow dim,  
Ah may thy lover gentle maid!  
Believe that still thou think'st of him?  
Believe thou lingerest o'er his name,  
When other friends have ceased to  
mourn?  
Blessing, thou colder bosoms blame,  
The wanderer who shall ne'er return:  
No dearer pledge he asks of thee—  
But dreads to think the oblivious sway  
Of time may sweep his memory  
For ever from thy thoughts away!

### MADRIGAL.

I would not change for cups of gold  
The little cup that you behold;  
'Tis from the beech that form'd a chair  
At noonday for my village fair.

I would not change for Persian loom  
The humble matting of my room;  
'Tis of those very rushes twin'd  
Oft tress'd by charming Rosalinde.

I dearly love the lowly wicket  
That opens on her fav'rite thicket,  
Than portals proud, or towers that  
frown,  
Though monuments of old renown.

I would not change this foolish heart,  
That learns from her to joy or smart,  
For his that burns with love of glory,  
And loses life to live in story.



Yet in themselves my heart my cot,  
My mat, my bowl, I value not,  
But only as they one and all,  
My lovely Rosalinde recall.

## ORIGINAL POETRY BY BURNS.

[The following unpublished reliques of our immortal Bard, were lately communicated to us from a highly respectable quarter. We quote one short passage from the very obliging letter that accompanied them:—"As every thing that fell from the pen of Burns is worthy of preservation, I transcribe for your Miscellany the complete copy of a song which Cromek has printed, (page 423 of his vol.) in an unfinished state,—together with two fragments that have never yet been published. The originals of these I possess in the handwriting of their unfortunate Author, who transmitted them inclosed in letters to a constant friend of his through all his calamities, by whom they were finally assigned to me."—*Bding. Mag.*]

## SONG.

*Here's to them that's awa.*

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
An' here's to them that's awa :  
And wha winna wish good luck to our  
cause,  
May never good luck be their fa' !  
Its gude to be merry and wise,  
Its gude to be honest and true ;  
Its gude to support Caledonia's cause,  
And bide by the Buff and the Blue.  
Here's a health to them that's awa,  
An' here's to them that's awa ;  
Here's a health to Charlie \* the chief o'  
the clan,  
Although that his band be but sma' !  
May Liberty meet wi' success,  
May Prudence protect her frae evil ;  
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,  
And wander the road to the devil.  
Here's a health to them that's awa,  
An' here's to them that's awa ;  
Here's a health to Tammie † the Norlan  
laddie,  
That lives at the lug o' the law !  
Here's freedom to him that would read,  
And freedom to him that would write ;  
There's nane ever feared that the truth  
should be heard,  
But they whom the truth would indite.  
Here's a health to them that's awa,  
An' here's to them that's awa ;  
Here's Maitland, and Wycombe, and wha  
does na like 'em,  
Be built in a hole o' the wa' !  
Here's timmer that's red at the heart,  
Here's fruit that is sound at the core ;  
May he that would turn the Buff and Blue  
coat,  
Be turned to the back o' the door.  
Here's a health to them that's awa,  
An' here's to them that's awa !

\* Mr. Fox.

† Lord Erskine.

Here's chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain  
worth gowd,  
Though bred amang mountains o' snaw;  
And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed,  
And wha would betray old Albion's rights,  
May they never eat of her bread !

## FRAGMENT 1st.

*Tune—"The tither morn as I forlorn."*

Yon wandering rill that marks the hill  
And glances o'er the brae, Sir,  
Slides by a bower, where many a flower  
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir ;

There Damon lay, with Silvia gay,  
To love they thought nae crime, Sir ;  
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,  
While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FRAGMENT 2nd.

As I came in by our gate-end,  
As day was waxen weary,  
O wha cam tripping down the street  
But bonnie Peg, my dearie !  
Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,  
Wi' nae proportion wanting,  
The queen of love did never move  
Wi' motion mair enchanting  
Wi' linked hands, we took the sands  
Adown yon winding river ;  
And, oh ! that hour, and broomy bower,  
Can I forget it ever !—

*Cetera desunt.*

*Sonnet—In Spring.—To the Muse :  
By EDWARD, Lord THURLOW.*

DAUGHTER of Jove, encircled by the  
Hours,  
The warbling Spring comes dancing  
from the gate  
Of Heaven, and, ripe in majesty and  
state,  
Pours from her golden ewer the purp-  
ling flowers  
On mead, on mountain, on the hallowed  
marge  
Of sacred rivers ; and the Mermaid  
chants  
The seas into a calm : and the wood-  
haunts  
Of coy Diana echo all at large  
With the smooth songs of Philomel :  
awake,  
Daughter of Heaven, and blameless  
Memory,  
Put on thy flowery sandals, and partake  
Thy golden rod, beloved of the sky !  
And with a tongue, like vernal thun-  
der, make  
Virtue, the heir of Immortality !



## INTELLIGENCE.

From the London Monthly Magazine, for May, 1818.

## BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

An account of the Life and Writings of John Erskine, D. D.; by Sir H. M. Wellwood, bart. D. D. with an appendix and notes. 8vo.

Tables of Comparative Chronology, exhibiting the dates of the principal events which took place from the Flood to the Fall of the Empire; designed to give young persons correct information respecting Human Society.

Love and Laudanum, or the Sleeping Draught; a farce, in two acts.

Rob Roy M'Gregor, or Auld Lang Syne; an opera, in three acts; by J. Pock. 8vo.

A Critical Description and Analytical Review of Death on the Pale Horse; painted by Ben. West: by William Carey.

An introduction to Geography; on the easy, natural, and self-evident principle of describing the maps in writing. By which the irksome labour, and unnecessary waste of time usually employed in the acquisition of this science, are avoided; by F. Francis.

Geographical Questions and Exercises, blendid with Historical and Biographical Information; by Richard Chambers, author of an Introduction to Arithmetic.

The Civil and Constitutional History of Rome, from the foundation to the age of Augustus; by Henry Bankes, esq. M. P. 2 vols. 8vo.

Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, with a portrait from the rare print, by Crispin de Passe; by Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. 8vo.

The science of Horticulture, including a Pratical System of the Management of Fruit-trees; arranged on demonstrative physiological principles. Illustrated by sketches, in twelve plates, with a commentary on the works of Bradley, Hitt, Miller, Forsyth, Knight, Kirwan, Sir Humphry Davy, and Mrs. Ibbottson; by Joseph Hayward. 1 vol. 8vo.

A Practical Enquiry into the Causes of the Frequent Failure of the Operation of Depression, and the Extrication of the Cataract, as usually performed; with a Description of a Series of new and improved Operations; by Sir Wm. Adams. 8vo.

Observations on some important Points in the Practice of Military Surgery, and in the Arrangement and Police of Hospitals. Illustrated by cases and dissections; by John Hennen, deputy inspector of Military hospitals. 8vo.

Modern Maladies and the Present State of Medicine: the anniversary oration delivered March 9, 1818, before the Medical Society of London; by D. Uwins, M. D.

Facts and Observations on Liver Complaints, and those various extensive derangements of the constitution arising from Hepatic Obstruction; with practical remarks on the Biliary and Gastric Secretions; Illustrated by numerous cases. The third edition, very considerably enlarged; by John Fairthorne.

Results of an Investigation respecting Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases, including researches in the Levant; by Dr. Maclean.

The Testimony of Natural Theology to Christianity; by Thomas Gisborne, M. A. 12mo.

Sermons on Faith, Doctrines, and Public Duties; by the Very Rev. W. Vincent, late dean of Westminster, edited by the Rev. C. Simeon. 8vo.

An Address to Young Persons on Confirmation, shewing the antiquity of the Rite, or the benefit resulting from this solemn act of dedication to God.

The travels of Marco Polo, a Venetian, in the thirteenth century; being a description, by that early traveller, of remarkable places and things in the Eastern part of the World; translated from the Italian, with notes; by W. Marsden, esq. F. R. S. with a map. 4to.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

The author of Headlong Hall has in the press, a new novel, called Night Mare Abbey.

A Life of the Emperor Napoleon, from the pen of the well-known M'GACON-DUFOR, author of the "*Correspondence des plusieurs Personnes illustres de la Cour de Louis XV.*" being the sequel to the correspondence of Madame de Chateauroux, is expected to make its appearance shortly in London, in a series of letters designed as materials for the future historian.

The Rev. JOHN SKINNER, of Forfar, will soon publish, in an octavo volume, Annals of Scottish Episcopacy from 1788 to 1816, with a Biographical Memoir of the late Rt. Rev John Skinner, of Aberdeen.

Mr F. L. HOLT has in the press a Treatise on the Law of Merchant Ships and Shipping, on the Navigation Laws, and on the Maritime Contracts.